

provisions of this statute, shall be void with the approval of the first and obtained of the Secretary of the Interior.

The last section of the bill repeals an act approved on Dec. 21, 1893, granting the right of way and other privileges to some other persons.

George Considine and Eddie Burke are both well known in this city. Burke is now in Hot Springs trying to get over a bad attack of rheumatism. He leaves Hot Springs to-day for Miami, Fla., where he has a business interest. This interest is the Seminole Club, an institution for the advancement of faro and kindred games of chance. Any member of the Committee of Public Lands of the House of Representatives can consult Mr. Burke by writing to him at his Southern business place.

Burke was born and raised in this city and has a lot of money. Peter De Lacy, the poolroom man, thinks he is one of the best men he ever knew. Burke started his business career with De Lacy some thirty years ago and has been more or less identified with him since. In addition to his bookmaking business he has been intimately associated with Lou Ludlum, who ran a gambling house in West Forty-first street until a month ago, when he promised that Attorney Jerome would be good. Among the gamblers Mr. Jerome wanted to interview at that time was one Eddie Burke. Search was made for Mr. Burke, but he was not in town.

George Considine is one of the owners of the Hotel Metropole, where Burke makes his headquarters. Other sports, gamblers and bunco men go to the Metropole because it is the proper thing to do. Considine's best friend is Congressman "Big Tim" Sullivan. Congressman Sullivan is not a member of the House Committee on Public Lands.

The Considines—there are several of them—half from Detroit. George descended on this town about the time that Jim Corbett, the prize fighter, came here to live some ten years ago. He was Corbett's manager for a time, and out of the money he made with the pugilist he opened a saloon on the northwest corner of Sixth avenue and Fortieth street, which was a hangout for sports. Above the saloon was a poolroom which the police had to visit frequently.

Considine never branched out as the owner of the Metropole. He didn't hesitate to let it be known that he had the backing of Congressman Sullivan. Then he appeared at the racetracks as a bookmaker. Even in these strenuous times he is said to be much interested in a poolroom in West Thirty-second street, between Broadway and Fifth avenue. It is strange, but true, that a poolroom in Thirty-second street was doing business as late as Saturday.

Considine was asked yesterday to tell what he proposed to do when the Government gave him the property he was after. He said:

"Me and Burke have great plans, but I can't tell them to anyone now. It wouldn't be right, and I don't think it's any business to talk about this thing it's not going to do us any good. We're going to build a railroad and lots of things there."

"A regular Monte Carlo," suggested THE SUN reporter.

"I ain't going to talk about it," said Considine. "What's the good? When the bill passes the Senate and becomes a law then I'll talk, but not now. I or Burke have anything to say now."

A despatch from Washington yesterday from a close observer of legislation in the House of Representatives said that country Congressmen were not always able to distinguish between capitalists of upper and lower Broadway.

SERVED 30 YEARS IN THE NAVY.

Quevedo Was One of the Crew That Went With Perry to China and Japan.

John Quevedo, for fifty years in continuous service in the United States Navy, died at his home, 159 Adelphi street, Brooklyn, on Friday last. Funeral services were held at his residence last night. At his request the body was wrapped in an American flag and the room in which the services were held were decorated with the national colors.

He was born on the Island of Minorca, in the Mediterranean under Spanish rule in 1837. When very young he was brought to this country by his parents. In 1850 he was an apprentice in the United States Navy and was part of the crew that made the cruise with Commodore Perry to China and Japan. He was a gunner on the Brooklyn during the war, where he distinguished himself.

In 1884, when Commodore Schley and Lieutenant Emory made up the crew for the search for the lost ship, Quevedo was chosen and went with them. Operative's famous picture, now in Washington, depicting the rescue of the Greely at Cape Sabine, shows Quevedo carrying one end of the stretcher on which lay the sick form of Greely.

His love for the flag of his adopted country was almost a mania with him. For the last eight years he had been storekeeper in the navy yard in Brooklyn. His son, John, Jr., is also a gunner in the United States Navy, now attached to the training ship Hancock. The dead man was a member of Bankin Post, G. A. R., and the Brooklyn Volunteer Firemen's Association.

HOOK PILOTS STIRRED UP

Over Bill, Fathered by Tugboat Men, Abolishing Compulsory Pilotage in This State.

The New York and Sandy Hook pilots, many of whom reside in Staten Island and New Jersey, are much exercised over the bill introduced in the Legislature at Albany, which, if it should become a law, would abolish compulsory pilotage in this State.

The bill, it is said, was drafted and introduced at the suggestion of tugboat owners and licensed captains of tugs, who assert that they are being discriminated against.

The bitter feeling which has existed between tugboat men and the Sandy Hook pilots for some time has been intensified during the past year because, it is alleged by the tugboat men, the pilots, since they have added the two powerful steam pilot boats to their fleet, are constantly towing vessels and offering assistance to vessels ashore in the lower bay, thereby encroaching on tugboat owners' rights. They say that if the pilots claim the right to enter the towing and wrecking business the tugboat men ought to be permitted to act as pilots when requested to do so.

The Sandy Hook pilots have appointed a committee to go to Albany to oppose the passage of the bill.

SYRIAN TRIES HARA-KIRI.

Prompt Operation by Dr. Stimson May Save Aidiwin's Life.

Elias Aidiwin, 18 years old, a Syrian, living at 41 Washington street, tried self-destruction after the Japanese fashion last night. When taken to the Hudson street hospital he was still conscious and an operation was performed immediately by Dr. Stimson of the New York Hospital. It is thought that he has a bare chance of life.

The boy said that he had been only a short time in this country, and that he had his first drink of whiskey a few days ago. The after effects of the liquor, together with lack of money, caused him to decide on suicide.

He found an old knife in his trunk he had brought from Syria. Wrapping it in a towel to stanch the flow of blood, he plunged it four times in his abdomen up to the hilt. He turned the knife in order to increase the size of the wound.

Races are won in fractions of a second. Fortunes are made in fractions of a cent. Minutes wasted upon an operation which must be repeated a great many times in the course of a year, means the loss of days and dollars on a correspondence filing as applied by us is the greatest time saver known to modern business.

Library Bureau
Card and filing system experts.
Salesroom 316 Broadway.

MURDERED NEAR HER HOME.

A STRANGER BRINGS WOMAN'S PURSE TO HER HUSBAND.

Allegheny Woman Killed in an Alleyway Shortly After Parting From Her Husband with Her Purse—Signs of a Terrible Struggle in the Snow.

PITTSBURGH, Pa., Feb. 5.—Hundreds of Allegheny citizens spent the afternoon seeking a clue to a mysterious murder which was discovered shortly after noon. Mrs. Martha Kirkpatrick, 37 years old, was found strangled and beaten to death in Jackson Alley, not far from her home.

The murder was evidently committed about 11 o'clock last night, and the body was found covered with snow. Jackson Alley, from one end to the other, was sprinkled with blood and showed traces of a terrible struggle. The woman was assaulted and murdered and it was thought robbed, but the mysterious part of it was that a stranger handed her husband her pocketbook late last night with the remark:

"Give this to Mrs. Kirkpatrick. If she wants to know more about it, tell her I will explain."

With that the man disappeared and the police are now looking for him. John R. Kirkpatrick and his wife left their home late evening to visit Mr. Kirkpatrick's mother. Mr. Kirkpatrick started home and his wife went to the Allegheny Market. When she did not come home he said he thought she had gone back to stay with his mother, owing to the cold weather. He remained at home and this morning visited his mother's house and learned that his wife had not been there. He did not know of his wife's death until this afternoon, although her body was lying in the alley back of the house.

W. J. Kinney of Jackson alley found the body, which was brutally beaten and stiff from cold. The market basket was found nearby. E. B. Frum, who lives in a house opposite the spot where the woman was found, said that at 11 o'clock last night he heard a scuffling in the alley. He opened his door and thought he heard a child crying. He distinctly heard a voice which said:

"For God's sake, don't! I'll do anything you want me to do."

The noise subsided and he went into the house. John R. Kirkpatrick, the husband, told the police he reached home at 9 o'clock last night and stayed there. He was taken to the police station and was "treated."

He knew nothing of the affair. To-night he was released.

Mrs. Scott, a neighbor of the Kirkpatricks, said that Saturday a well dressed man, who gave his name as Mr. Crawford, called to see Mrs. Kirkpatrick. She was alone and he seemed to be slightly under the influence of liquor.

Kirkpatrick is a bookkeeper. He has a brother who is employed as a copy reader on Pittsburgh Post.

Late to-night Norman Geyer of Allegheny was arrested on suspicion of having committed the crime, but before Mr. Kirkpatrick married the woman he was an admirer of her. His clothing is bloody, according to police, and his face bears scratches which might have been inflicted by a woman. Geyer denies his guilt.

"PITTSBURGH PHIL" BURIED.

Large Crowd Braves Zero Weather in the Cemetery to Watch the Interment.

PITTSBURGH, Pa., Feb. 5.—About 1,000 persons waded through the snow and braved zero weather to attend the interment of "Pittsburgh Phil" this afternoon to see the interment of George Smith, "Pittsburgh Phil," in his own private \$30,000 mausoleum which he had built six years ago. The crowd was compelled to wait two hours in the cold before the funeral procession came, but there was scarcely a desertion.

Many of the half frozen kept their blood running by taking turns in sweeping off the snow from the carpet which had been laid round the costly marble tomb. The snow showed a disposition to drift in this neighborhood and except for the work of the crowd it is likely that some trouble would have been found in getting to the tomb.

Elizabeth Downing, mother of Smith, collapsed to-night after the funeral. She asked to be taken far away from the scene of her son's boyhood and at the request of her physician William Smith, her son, started with her to New York. It is understood that they will sail for Europe to-morrow.

Something which made the death of her son harder to bear was made public to-day. The plunger after twenty years' persuasion had at last yielded to the wishes of his mother and was to have taken up his residence in Pittsburgh this winter, living at home with her and "giving up the game."

That he died on the eve of the fulfillment of his promise struck her very hard.

Rev. Dr. J. W. Witherspoon, pastor of the Fifth United Presbyterian Church of Allegheny, did not refer to the life of Smith in his funeral sermon to-day. Many people came to the house of mourning only to hear what the minister would say about a man whose life had been spent in gambling.

WOMEN MEET IN STREET.

Denounce Police for Part They Played in Bronx Tenement Fire.

A woman stood in St. Ann's avenue, near 135th street, The Bronx, yesterday, and harangued a crowd of 200 women for the most part, denouncing the police for the part they played or failed to play on Friday at a fire which drove seventeen families from the tenements at 149 and 151 Brook avenue.

The woman's text was a story in a Bronx newspaper giving the police of the Albany avenue station the credit for work done at the fire. The oratrix said that no policeman came to the fire until forty-five minutes after it started and that when they did arrive the firemen had the blaze under control and the families in places of safety.

The speaker said that she was sure that the fire was a fine diary, and that the police had done nothing. Another fire started late on Saturday evening in a letter box in the vestibule of 63 East 137th street, and drove thirteen families to the street. That fire, the woman thinks, was incendiary also.

Residents of the neighborhood are signing a petition asking that the cause of the fires be investigated.

Headache and Neuralgia From Cold.
Laxative Bromo Quinine, the world wide cold and grip remedy; removes the cause, call for the full name and look for signature of E. W. Grove, 25c.

MURDER TO BE RID OF WOMAN

"MRS. SCHROEDER" SHOT DEAD IN RAINE'S LAW HOTEL.

Bollinger, Who Killed Her and Carried Three Revolvers, Says She'd Hommed Him—Man She'd Claimed as Husband Denies That They Were Married.

A middle-aged man, stockily built and of medium height, with a long sandy mustache and a bald head, entered the long ceiling dining room on the second floor of Tom Sullivan's Raine's law hotel, the Monogram, at Second avenue and Seventy-ninth street, at 1 o'clock yesterday morning.

In the room at the time were seven other persons, all men except two. One of the women, perhaps 25 years' old, was a tall blonde, well dressed and rather good looking. She was sitting at a table near the center of the room with two men.

The newcomer looked at her and slipped into a seat at a table near the door, at which Henry Wenke of 1385 Avenue A was sitting. The girl's back was toward the bald headed man at first. He watched her so closely and seemed so nervous that Wenke noticed his peculiar manner. Wenke does not remember whether the stranger had anything to drink or not.

He had been at the table probably an hour when he arose quietly and walked over to the table where the young woman was sitting. She did not seem to notice when she saw him but drew away when he leaned over and started to say something to her. The men at the table could not hear what his remarks were.

He persisted in his effort to talk to the girl and she jumped up and ran to another table, where nobody was sitting. The bald headed man followed her and sat down opposite her. She drew away again, returning to another table in a corner of the room.

A man sat alone for some time, his eyes fastened on the girl. The girl herself appeared to be indifferent. Others in the room laughed; they thought it was a good joke. The man moved to a seat opposite the girl, leaned over and started to address her again. She jumped up and drew away further into the corner. The man too, sprang to his feet, took a revolver from his hip pocket and fired three times at the girl.

The first shot hit her in the right shoulder; the second pierced her heart and the third went wide. She screamed and staggered toward the door.

The bald headed man fired again, but missed and was pressing the trigger for the fifth shot when Edward Penmore of 337 East Eighth street, one of the men in the room, sprang to the woman's aid and wrenched the revolver away. It fell to the floor and they struggled over it until the girl lay to the hallway and rolled down the stairs.

The girl died before she reached the Presbyterian Hospital. The murderer was arrested by the police and taken to the police station. He was a man of about 35 years of age, of medium height, with dark hair and a mustache. He was wearing a dark suit and a white shirt. He was taken to the police station and was "treated."

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THE REV. C. E. BENTLEY DEAD.

Prohibition Candidate for President in '05 Dies Suddenly in a Lodging House.

LOS ANGELES, Cal., Feb. 5.—The Rev. C. E. Bentley of Lincoln, Neb., Prohibition candidate for the Presidency in 1896 and three times the Prohibition candidate for United States Senator from Nebraska, died last night in a lodging house here of heart disease, under peculiar circumstances.

Bentley arrived last Friday with his wife and two daughters at 300 Olive street. Last night he appeared at a lodging house at 125 South Los Angeles street with a stylishly dressed woman and applied for rooms. While the landlady was showing them a room Bentley dropped to the floor.

The woman begged the landlady to go for water. When she returned the woman was gone. Then the landlady called the physician and called her husband a lodger holding Bentley's head. The lodger left and when the doctor came Bentley was dead. His watch was gone and only \$1.10 was found on the body.

GIRL IN TROUSERS INSANE.

Husband Says Her Mind Was Wrecked by Cigarette Smoking.

The young woman who was arrested on Saturday night while dressed in male attire was arraigned before Magistrate O'Reilly in the Myrtle avenue court, Brooklyn, yesterday morning and remanded until Feb. 9. The Magistrate ordered that she be sent to the observation ward of the Long Island State Hospital for the Insane at Flatbush.

In court it developed that the young woman is Mrs. Mary Jackavito, the wife of Valentine Jackavito, a well to do hotel keeper at 53 Graham street, Williamsburg. He is about 40 years old, not 70 years old, as the police were informed Saturday night. The escapades of his wife, whose mind, he says, has been wrecked by cigarette smoking, has greatly upset both him and her parents, also well to do Italians.

"I am sorry to say that she has been going from bad to worse for the last two months," he said last night. "She left me two months ago. She was restless and dissatisfied, always wishing that she was a man and could go about as she pleased. She wore men's clothes and I have been told that she had been in Chinatown."

She then began to go out at night and stay away at her pleasure and we had words about it. I tried to reason with her, but it was no use. She insisted on doing as she pleased and finally said that she would go away and live where she could do so. I was so worried that I called the police and they took her to the hospital."

My wife and I were married six years ago. Until a year ago we were very happy. She then began to go out at night and stay away at her pleasure and we had words about it. I tried to reason with her, but it was no use. She insisted on doing as she pleased and finally said that she would go away and live where she could do so. I was so worried that I called the police and they took her to the hospital."

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GAS KILLS TWO YOUNG MEN

RIVAL UNDERTAKERS WRANGLE OVER THE BODIES.

Tube of Gas Stove Became Detached in the Night and They Were Asphyxiated While They Slept—Had Been to a Dance and It Was Too Late to Go Home.

Two young men, well clad, entered the barroom of the Eclipse Hotel, a roadhouse in Bergenline avenue, North Bergen, N. J., at 12:30 o'clock yesterday morning and asked for a room.

"Make a warm one," said one of the pair. "We're most frozen. We came over from Hackensack last night to attend a ball at Nungesser's Hotel. It's too late to go home, but I guess the folks won't worry."

They got a room upstairs that was heated by a gas stove. When they went to bed they left the stove burning.

At noon yesterday Sommers and his help smelled gas and broke open the door of the young men's room. Both were dead in bed. Gas was pouring from a tube, one end of which had become detached from the stove. It was apparent that the tube had slipped off by accident and that the men had been asphyxiated while they slept.

Ex-Coroner William Necker, a Union Hill undertaker, drove to North Bergen to get the bodies. Sommers had been in the meanwhile notified Coroner Brackner of Jersey City. He refused to let Necker have the bodies, saying no undertaker other than the Coroner could take them away.